

How
KIMBLE'S COON'S
Spend The Fourth.
Color Supplement
Next Sunday.

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CITY OF ROME COMES IN AFIRE.

Raced Five Hundred
Miles to Port with
Burning Cargo.

THE PASSENGERS CALM.

Flames Were Directly Be-
neath the Main Saloon,
and Smoke Dense.

BROKE OUT ON SATURDAY.

Captain's Words Reassured the
Three Hundred Souls
Aboard the Ship.

ALL STEAM CROWDED ON.

Met Near Her Pier by the Fire Boat
New Yorker, Which Played Water
All Night—Burning Stuff
Was Jute.

The good ship City of Rome, of the An-
chor line, bound from Glasgow to New
York, lived up to the motto that hangs
over the office door of its owners—"Secur-
ity Amidst Perils"—in a long five-hundred-
mile race with fire from George's shoals to
her pier at West Twenty-fourth street, on
Saturday and Sunday.

Thirty-one and a half hours the City of
Rome ploughed through the waters at her
highest speed, her 300 passengers and her
officers and crew weighed down with an-
xiety. For beneath her decks fire was eating
out the woodwork and gnawing at the rivets
in her bulkheads, beyond their power to
subdue.

remaining on board," said he, "but there
are two vessels within sight. If any of
you want to leave the City of Rome we
will signal to them."

The Captain Finds a Champion.
Among the passengers was W. H. Mal-
colm, a Scotch-American, of burly figure
and deep bass voice. When Captain Young
finished speaking, Mr. Malcolm declared
that he had full confidence in the officers
of the vessel, and believed that the wisest
course for the passengers was to remain
on board. The proposition to remain was
unanimously approved by every passenger, and in
half an hour, by the time the smoke had
diminished to wreaths in the companionway,
order was completely restored on board.

A fresh assault was made on the fire in
hold No. 4, which is amidships, through the
adjoining hold No. 3. It was found that in
the latter hold the heat of the dividing
bulkhead had warped and scorched the
woodwork. New lines of hose were run
through openings hastily made in the
bulkhead, and the fire was confined to its
original starting point.

Raced Along at Full Speed.
In this condition the City of Rome pro-
ceeded under full head of steam to Fire
Island, where she signalled her condition,
and then on past Quarantine station to
her dock, scarcely stopping to take on the
Quarantine and Custom House officers.

In the upper bay, off the Battery, she
was met by the fireboat New Yorker. Off her
pier on North River she lowered her anchor
pulled into her slip instead.

On board, after the first fright had
passed, the passengers held a meeting and
passed resolutions of thanks for the cap-
tain and the City of Rome's crew. Yester-
day morning they held a service of re-
ligious thanksgiving.

In the first alarm the ship's fourteen
boats were provisioned and made ready to
lower in case of necessity. They had cap-
acity to carry 500 passengers—nearly
twice as many as the City of Rome con-
tained, for her passenger list included 50
saloon passengers, 50 second cabin and 150
in the steerage.

The steerage passengers knew nothing
of the fire until it was fully under control
late Saturday afternoon. There was no
excitement among them at any time.

Passengers and the officers of the boat
say that the women on board exhibited ex-
traordinary courage during their trying ex-
periences. One fireman was overcome for
a moment by the smoke. With this ex-
ception there was no other accident on
board.

Description of the Steamer.
The City of Rome is a single screw

HEAD-ON CRASH OF CONEY TRAINS.

Dash Into Each Other
Near Van Sicklen
Station.

ONE PASSENGER INJURED

He Jumps from the Platform
Just Before the
Smash Up.

AN ENGINE IS DERAILED.

Panic Follows the Collision and
News of a Big Disaster
Reaches Coney Island.

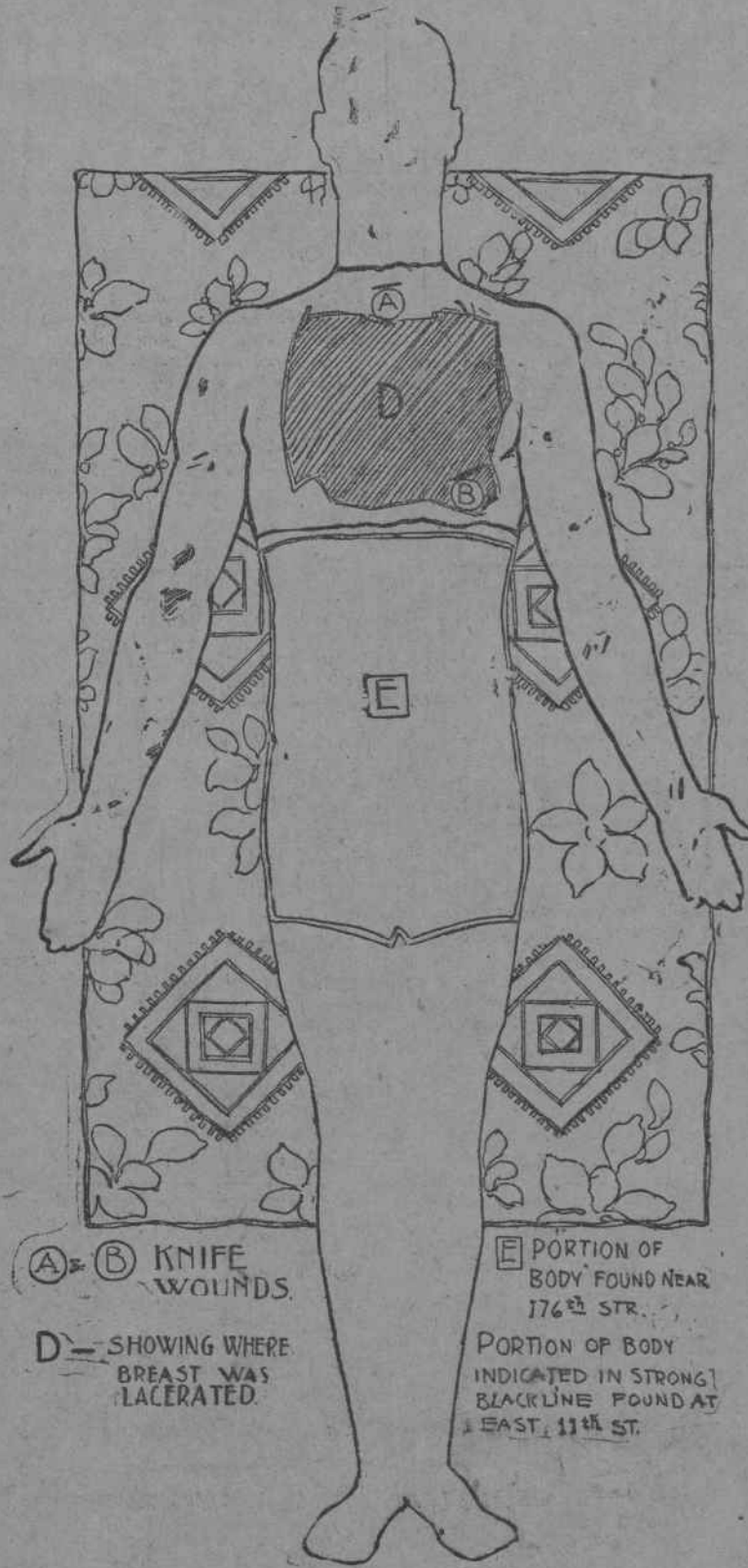
BLOCK SIGNAL WRONGLY READ

Each Engineer Blames the Other for
the Accident—Passengers Say the
Platform Gates Were
Not Closed.

A misplaced block signal about seventy-
five yards below Van Sicklen Station, on
the Coney Island branch of the Brooklyn
Elevated Railroad, caused a head-on col-
lision yesterday afternoon between two ex-
cursion trains, one bound for Coney Island
and the other for Brooklyn. Charles Lewis,
of No. 175 Miller avenue, Brooklyn, a pas-
senger on the Brooklyn bound train,
jumped just before the collision and sus-
tained injuries consisting of three broken
ribs and severe contusions. He is at the
Norwegian Hospital. No one else was in-
jured. The engine of the Coney Island
train was derailed.

Both trains were heavily loaded. The

MORE OF THE HEADLESS BODY IS FOUND



In Ogden's Wood, Near Wash- ington Bridge, Lay Another Package Like the First.

In It the Lower Half of the Same Man's Body Was
Discovered—The Legs and Head Are
Still Missing.

The Discovery Made by Boys, Miles Away from the Boys
Who Found the First Part—Police at Work
Upon Slender Clews.

The mystery of the headless, haggled,
mutilated body which was found Saturday
afternoon, by two East Side boys, floating
along on the flood tide in the East River at
the foot of Eleventh street, is doubly a
mystery now; more than ever a horror.

Another portion of the body, the re-
mainder of the trunk, with stumps of the
legs, which had been chopped off about six
inches below their jointure with the hips,
was found yesterday forenoon, in a lonely
spot by the roadside where Undercliff
avenue threads the solitude of the Ogden
woods—away up beyond the Washington
Bridge. The head and the legs are still
missing now, to make the awful thing com-
plete.

"It is," said Coroner's Physician O'Han-
lon, "a murder, most foul, deliberate, mys-
terious and terrible."

There is something grim in the way in
which these two unsightly, sickening frag-
ments of what was once a man have with-
in the rising and setting of two suns come
together as if the intelligence of some fate
had made them seek each other out, in
spite of tides and time, to join in mute tes-
timony against the wretch whose bloody
hands had severed them.

There is no question of the parts of this
human body belonging one to the other.
The broad, white, brawny shoulders fitted
down to a stoop upon the muscular back,
and made a very giant of a man—fair and
erect he must have been in life.

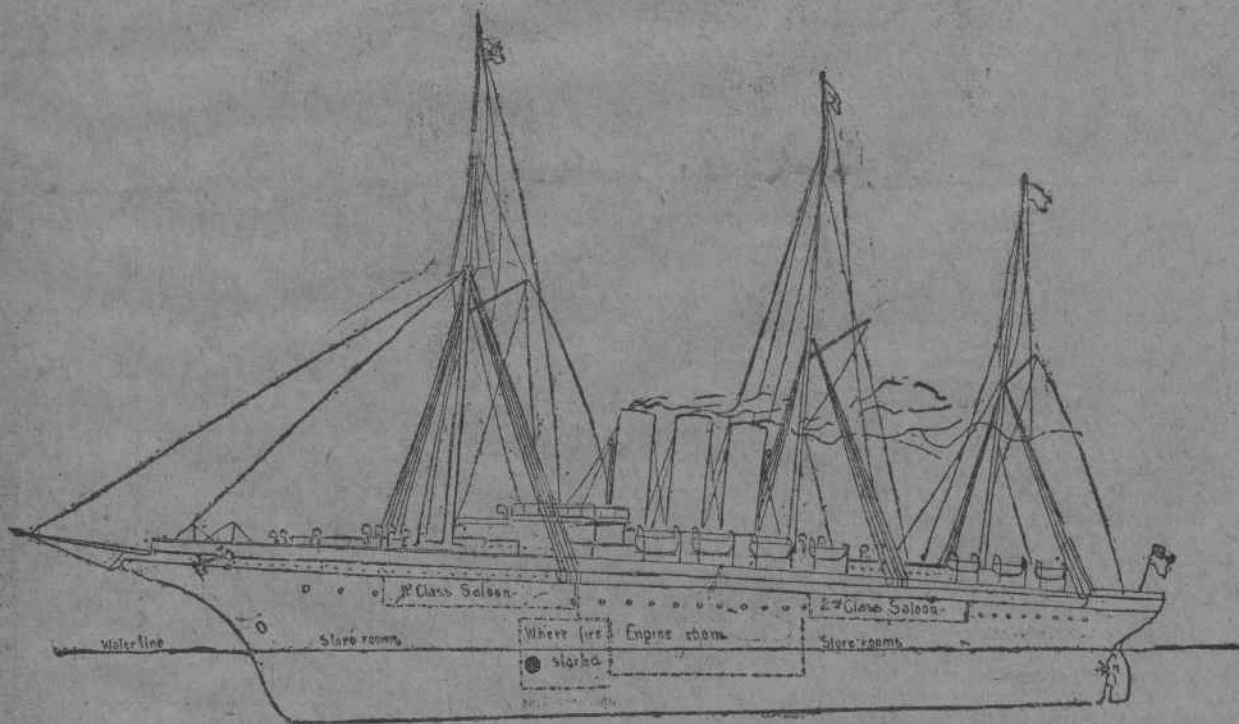
Even the Oldest Matches.
And, as if the evidence of that silent

with brutal strength the murderer rent
them apart to fold and bind them about
the hewn, bruised sections of his victim's
body.

The Journal showed yesterday morning a
section of the cheap, flaring oilcloth which
was wrapped and tied around the river
horror. When yesterday afternoon the dead
wagon brought the second gruesome bur-
den to the Morgue, there was the same
brilliant, bloodred oilcloth, with its
threads of yellow, new and bright, and the
edge of one piece fitted to the other as
neatly as did the raw flesh and pallid,
dead skin of the human trunk upon the
cold slab.

It is a singular thing that the instru-
ments which Fate employed to bring the
parts of the murdered man back to human
ken and to each other were in both cases
little boys—youngsters to whom crime and
its horrors are as a sealed book.

Julius Meyer lives at No. 574 West One
Hundred and Twenty-seventh street. He
has two sons—Herbert, thirteen years old,
and Edgar, a small fellow of eight. In
the working of fate they begged their father
yesterday to take them on a search for ber-
ries and cherries, which grow wild in the
woods which still clothe the slopes of the
Harlem River above the Washington
Bridge. The father consented, and in ac-
cordance with the same plan of destiny,
these rolicking lads, out for Sunday fun,
plodding through the thick bushes that
grow along the highway there, stumbled
across that ghastly bundle.



Anchor Line Steamer City of Rome Afire in Her Slip.

With smouldering flames in her hold, she ran 500 miles from George's Shoals to port at the full speed
of her engines. She was on her way from Glasgow, with 300 passengers aboard. The fire was under control
last night, the damage being confined to the merchandise in one compartment.

The City of Rome was sailing at a com-
fortable speed off George's shoals at 2:30
on Saturday afternoon. The sea was calm,
and land loomed through the noonday haze
to the north, a welcome sight to the pas-
sengers, most of whom were grouped about
the decks. In the distance two craft were
visible—a steamer and a brigantine.

The First Cry of Fire.
A single cry of "fire" pealed up from the
saloon. But few of the passengers heard it,
and they made no commotion. Five
minutes afterward a dense volume of
smoke was pouring up the grand compan-
ionway upon the decks, and penetrating
through the cabins.

From the utter tranquillity of midday on
a great liner the scene changed with the
suddenness of thought to one of the most
intense excitement. Women screamed and
rushed frantically about the decks. These
passengers who were in their cabins,
driven out by the smoke, also hastened to
the decks, many of them leaving such of
their belongings as were nearest at hand.
In the midst of the commotion somebody
with a clear voice cried: "No danger; keep
quiet!" And instantly the passengers be-
gan to gather into groups on the upper
deck.

Below, in the long saloon, Captain Hugh
Young and half a dozen subordinates
were at work at the point of the fire.
The smoke had been originally discovered
issuing from interstices at the foot of the
saloon walls. The carpet was rolled aside,
and holes cut through the board floor to
the steel plate beneath. The rivets hold-
ing a half dozen of these plates were re-
moved. As soon as this had been done,
smoke in dense volume poured through
into the saloon.

Beginning the Pierce Fight.
Lines of hose were run into each of these
openings into hold No. 5, where the fire
was smouldering among bales of jute and
other merchandise, and the ship's pumps
plied to their full capacity.

Captain Young, after these arrangements
were complete, went to the main deck,
where two hundred passengers, with
blanched faces, were awaiting his report
in various stages of excitement. The cap-
tain called them together and told them
the fire was apparently confined to
the steel-lined hold in which it had
started, and that there is no danger in

steamer, and was built originally for the
Old Human Line. She has been run by
the Anchor Line, however, and is a favorite
with many European tourists. She is
steel built. Her bulkheads are of steel,
and the fire had little chance of getting be-
yond control.

It was found impossible, however, to
put the fire out. It broke out twice on
Saturday night, after it had been appar-
ently subdued. Extra crews of firemen,
working in short relays, were kept in line
constantly from the time of its discovery
until the fire boat, at 10 o'clock last night,
took it in charge at the West Twenty-
fourth street slip.

Fire Boat Worked All Night.
This fire boat, New Yorker, was lying in
her dock at the Battery, steam up, when
the message was received from the Barge
Office that the Anchor liner was coming
into port with fire in her hold, and there-
fore needing her help.

The New Yorker pushed out into the
stream on the instant and soon came up
with the City of Rome. When they were
about off Houston street Lieutenant Bral-
sted, of the fire boat, boarded the ocean
steamer and immediately proceeded to
make an examination. He found no ur-
gent need of the New Yorker's services,
the fire brigade of the City of Rome being
fully competent under the circumstances to
keep the smouldering fire under sufficient
control.

The New Yorker, however, continued with
the City of Rome up to her dock, and her
company, under command of Captain Ar-
net, then took charge of the arrangements
for extinguishing the fire. She continued
alongside the City of Rome until late last
night, expecting that it would be daylight
before every possibility of the fire starting
up again could be obliterated.

Steerage Passengers Not Landed.
The steamer was so late in being docked,
owing to her having stuck on a mud bank
in the middle of the slip, that the steerage
passengers were compelled to stay aboard
all night, and all the other passengers who
elected to land could take only their hand
bags with them.

She had expected to reach her pier in day-
light, and therefore had no night permit
for the examination of baggage. For the
same reason there was no provision for the
inspection of the steerage passengers, as
required by the Alien Contract Labor law.
Opportunity was afforded all the saloon
passengers who desired to remain on board
to do so.

Continued on third Page.

one for Brooklyn was of five, the other
of six cars. Conductor John Maher and
Engineer Adeshai Louks were in charge of
the first; Conductor Frank Conover and
Engineer Jacob Gallick of the second.

It was 5:50 p. m. when the down bound
train pulled out of Van Sicklen station for
Coney Island, the next stop. The up bound
train had left the island a few moments
before.

Dispute About the Signal.

Gallick claims the signal was set in such
a way as to denote that he had a clear
track, and he pulled out at the usual
speed. On the other hand, Louks claims
the signal was all right for his train, but
dead against Gallick's, and he blames Gal-
lick for not reading it correctly. The rail-
road officials are disposed to lay the blame
on Louks, on the ground that he did not
observe due care in approaching the sta-
tion.

It was not until the Coney Island train
was a few yards beyond the block signal
that Gallick became aware of the fact
that the other train was coming on the
same track. He pulled the whistle cord,
and about this time Louks grasped the
situation and blew his own whistle. Each
clapped on the air brakes for an emergency
stop and hung to his engine, using every
endeavor to stop in time.

The passengers became aware that every-
thing was not as it should be when the
whistles blew, and the sudden application
of the air brakes threw them from their
seats. There was a general movement for
the windows, and probably one half the
passengers had their heads out when the
crash came. Lewis was on the platform of
the second car. He looked out, saw the
other engine coming and wasted no time
in getting clear. He rolled down the em-
bankment and lay bruised and stunned.
The train struck before the car he had
jumped from passed him. Conductor Maher
also jumped, but escaped injury.

Passengers Were Panicked.
There was the wildest sort of a panic for
a few minutes. Passengers poured from
the cars in every conceivable way. The
gowns of women were torn, men lost their
hats and children were tossed like feathers
in the mob. It took but a short time to
empty the trains, and then the compara-
tive alightness of the accident was ob-
served. But before this news of the col-
lision had reached Coney Island in an ex-
aggerated form. Hundreds fought to get to
the scene until the truth was known. By
emergency work the tracks were cleared in
a short time and traffic was resumed.

There is a dispute concerning whether
Miller jumped over the gates or not. The
railroad people claim he did. Other pas-
sengers say the gates were left open after
the train leaves the elevated structure at
Thirty-sixth street and Fifth avenue, as all
the other stations are on the surface.



TRADE MARK ON
OIL CLOTH



PETTIGREW'S SENTENCE.

The Stricken Senator Had His Denunciation
of the Republican Party Completed
for the Record.

Washington, June 27.—Senator Pettigrew,
who was stricken with partial paralysis in
the Senate Saturday, was no worse to-day.

There was considerable talk to-day about
the sentence of his speech which the at-
tack emphasized by interrupting it. It ap-
pears as follows in the Record, having been
completed and placed there at Senator Pet-
tigrew's request:

"All the Republican party stands for to-
day, inasmuch as protection is no longer
an issue and the South is broken up, is as
the champion of the trusts and the gold
standard, as the special representative of
the classes against the masses."



WHERE THE SECOND
PORTION OF THE
REMAINS WERE FOUND
UNDERCLIFF AVENUE, AND
176th ST.

Undercliff Avenue and 176th Street, Where Second Part of Body Was Found.

Threatened a Girl Wife.

Holyoke, Mass., June 27.—After threaten-
ing the life of his eighteen-year-old wife,
William Alvey, aged sixty, of this city, this
afternoon fired three shots at himself with
a revolver and, but for a hat which he
wore at the time, would probably have been
killed.

As it is he has an ugly wound in the
forehead. Jealousy of his young wife, to-
gether with heavy drinking, brought on a
quarrel between the couple.

Where the Body Was Found.

Meyer and his boys rode to High Bridge
on the trolley and from there walked to
the road to Ogden's Woods. They a-
stimated just north of High Bridge, between
Undercliff and Sedgwick avenues, and a-
tending under Washington Bridge and
to One Hundred and Seventy-sixth street
or to where One Hundred and Seven-
th street will be when it cuts th-